

insane clown posse™



CHAOS!
COMICS

#4 (of 12)

August 2000

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WARNING
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Psychopathic Records™



ICP

THE

PENDULUM

#4 (of 12)

WICKED SLUM LORDS

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THE DARK CARNIVAL APPROACHES

Last issue, J and Shaggy holed up in a hotel room and partied hearty to unwind. After a crazy night of debauchery, they were attacked the following morning by Killnor's top-notch police commando force, known as the Stress Team. After a fiery barrage, ICP are saved by The Amazing Jeckel Brothers and vow revenge on their attackers. Hunting for who's behind the attacks, clues lead ICP to the Chief Of Police's house. After a little friendly persuasion, the Chief spills the beans about Killnor. The Stress Team ambushes the Clownz at the Chief's house, kills the Chief and launches a military assault on ICP. But is the Stress Team the hunter, or the hunted? Read on, jugs...

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WHAT
THE HELL
IS GOING
ON?
WHAT
ARE YOU
PEOPLE DOING
TO MY
HOUSE?

AND
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
WITH MY
VIRGIL?

killers
in the
mist

VRRROOOM



TARGET
ACQUIRED.
FIRING
IN 3...

...TWO...



AAH!



SCREEEE
VRRROOOM

DAMN
IT! CAN'T
SEE.

DO
OR DIE,
SILO.



FWWSSSHHH

SCREEE



FUCK! NEXT
FORTH O' JULY
I GOTTA GET ME
ONE OF THOSE!

FWWSSSHHH

ANSWER
ME,
GODDAMMIT!
WHAT HAVE
YOU GOT TO
SAY...



...FOR
YOURSELVES?



COUGH!
SON OF A
BITCH. WHERE
DID COUGH!
THEY GO?

LOOK
ALIVE,
SOLDIER.



VRRROOM

DAMN
IT!



BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

WHAT
UP, Y'ALL?
LOOKS LIKE
ROAD
KILL!

AARGH!

HEE-
HEE!
FIFTY-
POINTS!

WHUMP

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

BUDDA
BUDDA
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BUDDA
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The page features a large circular illustration on the left and a smaller rectangular panel on the right, both set against a background of a desert landscape with a full moon.

Large Circular Illustration: A tank is exploding in a desert landscape. A character in a green jacket and black pants is running towards the left. In the foreground, a man in a dark suit and a headband is lying on the ground, looking up in shock. The word "THOOM" is written in large, stylized, orange letters with a black outline, positioned above the explosion.

Rectangular Panel: A character in a green jacket and black pants is standing on a pile of rubble, gesturing with his right hand. He is speaking into a microphone. A speech bubble contains the text: "SILO'S DOWN. SMOKE AND REGROUP ON MY POSITION." Below him, a man in a dark suit and a headband is lying on the ground, looking up in shock. A speech bubble contains the text: "HRRR!"

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THOOM

SILO'S DOWN. SMOKE AND REGROUP ON MY POSITION.

HRRR!





NAW, FUCK THAT. NOT NOW.

JOHNNY'S DOWN!
I REPEAT, JOHNNY'S DOWN!

HOLD TIGHT, HUCK. I'M ALMOST AT YOUR LOCATION.



WARRIORS!
COME OUT TO PLAY-EE-AYY!

HUH?

BITCH ASS WARRIORS!
COME OUT TO PLAAAY-EE-AAAY!



HUCK!
SHIT, BAKER!

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.

HELP ME DRAG JOHNNY TO THE TRUCK.





BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA





BITCHES.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA



LET'S
GO!



SQUEEEEE



HEADS
UP, 5
O'CLOCK!

SLAMM

THOSE
MOTHER
FUCKERS!



I GOT
SOMETHIN'
FOR THESE
BUSTER ASS
PUNKS!

AW,
SHAGGS... I
DON'T THINK
THAT'S SUCH
A GOOD
IDEA...



OH,
IT'S YOU
ASSHOLES! THIS
BETTER BE
GOOD.

WHOA!
LOOK OUT!

OH,
SUUUURE! CALL
US WHEN ALL
HELL'S BREAKING
LOOSE AND
BULLETS ARE
FLYING EVERY-
WHERE!

YOU
COULDN'T CALL
US TO CHILL AND
WATCH THE GAME,
COULD YA? NOOO! IT'S
ALWAYS, "JACK, CAN
YA SAVE MY SORRY
ASS?" OR "JACK, WE'RE
ASSED OUT AGAIN,
CAN YA SPARE A
MOMENT TO EAT
A BULLET?"

WELL,
YOU CAN
KISS MY
ASS! I'M
OUTIE!





SWAAAAH

CLICK

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

POW
POW
POW

DON'T
WORRY GUYS,
I'LL HELP. JACK'S
JUST A **BIG**
BABY, ALWAYS
CRYIN' ABOUT
SOMETHING.

UH-OH.
I GUESS
WE'RE **LOW-
RIDING**
NOW.

DAMN, JAKE.
THEY'RE GETTIN'
AWAY!

THEN
WE'LL LEAVE
THEM WITH
A **LOVELY**
PARTING
GIFT.

BOOM

INCOMING!





I KNOW THIS ONE GIRL
AMY, WHOSE NEDEN
HAIRS ARE **KINDA** LONG
AN' SHE'S **SORTA** FAT,
BUT SHE **WILL** BE
DOWN TO...

SHUT THE
FUCK UP, NINJA!
WE AIN'T GOT **TIME**
FOR THAT. WE **TRYIN'**
TA SAVE LIVES.
JUST GET IN
THE CAR.

WHAT
CAR, HOMIE?

WHAT'S
GOING ON,
DUDES?
COSTUME
PARTY?
DO YOU
MIND MOVING
OUT OF THE
WAY? I WAS
WATCHING
YOUR CAR
BURN.

HEY!

ASSHOLES!

OOOO!

BOOSH

ARE YOU
SURE ABOUT THAT
NEDEN? AMY'S GOT
A SISTER THAT CAN
HOLD A 2-LITER OF
FAYGO **BETWEEN**
HER TITTIES.

DAMN,
DOG! FOR
REAL?

WHERE
DID YOU
SAY SHE
LIVES?



IT WAS A SMALL MAN... OR BOY, WHO SHOT FIRE FROM HIS HANDS. HE WAS IN THE CAR WITH THE CLOWNS.



INDEED... I HAVE MADE A FATAL ERROR WHEN CONFRONTING THIS ENEMY.



I HAVE UNDERESTIMATED THEIR ABILITIES AND IT HAS COST THE LIFE OF ONE OF OUR OWN.



THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE.

CHINGG



FROM THIS DAY ON, WE WALK WITH DEATH UNAFRAID. WE ARE IN THE GRAVE, GENTLEMEN, UNTIL WE PUT AN END TO OUR ENEMY. ONLY THEN CAN WE BE BORN AGAIN.





NOW I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S GOING
ON, OR WHAT YOU TWO
THINK YOU'RE UP TO,
BUT I'M BEGINNING TO
SEE THERE'S A WAR
ON HERE THAT RUNS
WAY BENEATH
THE STREETS!



HEY!
YOU'RE
STARTING
TO CATCH
ON!



ONLY,
IN THIS WAR,
THERE ARE NO
CIVILIANS!

EVERYONE
IS A TARGET. WE'LL
ALL BECOME
CASUALTIES SOONER
OR LATER, UNLESS
WE MAKE A
CHANGE!



SO,
YOU IN
OR YOU
OUT?

OF
WHAT?

THE
WAR,
BITCH!

YOU GONNA
SIT BACK AND
PRETEND THIS NEVER
HAPPENED? OR
YOU GONNA TRY
TA **BUST SOME**
HEADS
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE?



THEY
GOTTA BE
FEARING YOU,
OR THEY WOULDN'T
HAVE SENT THE
DEMON HIT
SQUAD.

AFTER
THE LITTLE
LIFESAVING
MIRACLE YOU DID
FOR SHAGG'S
SORRY ASS, I
SEE WHY.

SO WHAT
DO YA SAY,
HOLY-ROLLER?
YOU IN OR
YOU OUT?





IT'S WHAT
I **DEVOTED**
MY LIFE TO,
ISN'T IT?
SO, YOU
GONNA FILL
ME IN ON
WHAT'S GOING
ON?



SURE, WE'RE ON
THE WAY DOWN
TO ARIZONA.

ARIZONA?

WE HAVE
A MEETING
WITH **OUR**
BOY -- SHOULD
BE FUN.

CAN YOU
GIVE ME A DAY
TO SAY GOODBYE
TO MY PEOPLES?



NAW,
MAN, WE'RE
LATE AS IT IS. WE
TRIED TO **JET** OUT
SOONER... BUT
WE GOT THROWN
A **FEW**
CURVES.

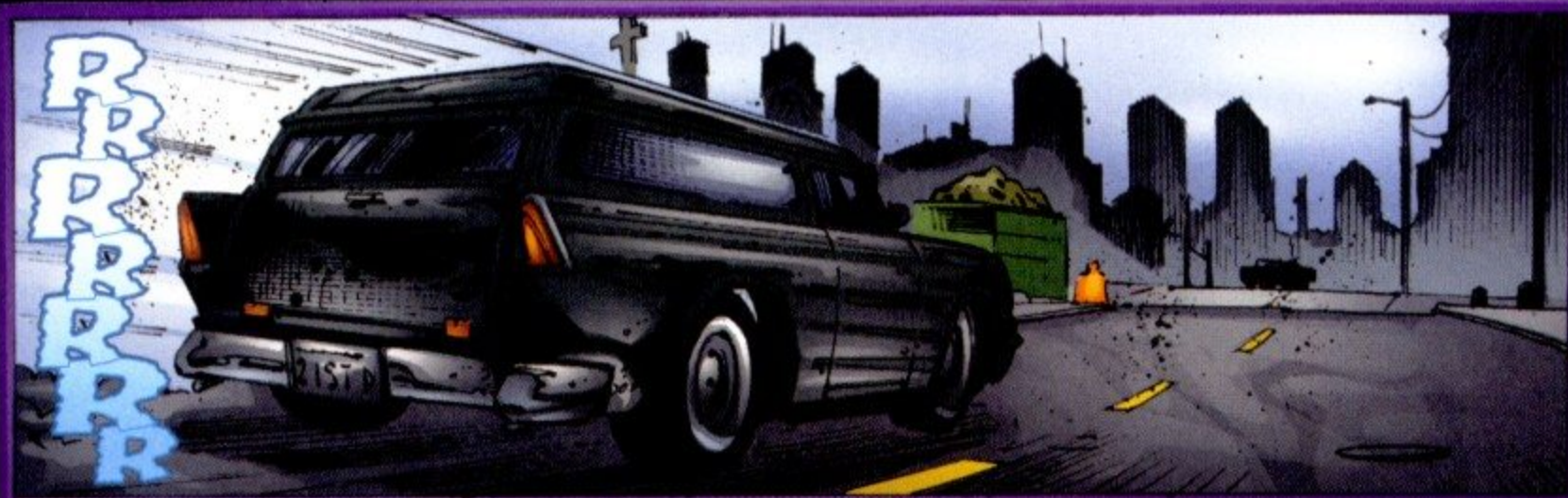
BUT,
WHEN WE
COMIN'
BACK?

MAN,
WE MAY
NEVER COME
BACK!
NOW,
YOU **DOWN**
WITH THE
MOTHERFUKIN'
CLOWNZ, OR
WHAT?





EXACTLY.



MEANWHILE...

HELLO,
I'D LIKE TO
SPEAK
WITH MR.
KILLNOR.



KILLNOR INDUSTRIES,
DENVER, COLORADO...

I'M VERY
DISAPPOINTED
BY THE THIRD
QUARTER EARNINGS
OF OUR LEGITIMATE
DRUG CONCERN,
MR. ASH.

I-I'M SORRY,
MR. KILLNOR. BUT
WHAT COULD I DO?
THE F.D.A. **PULLED
THE PLUG** ON OUR
BEST SELLER TWO
MONTHS AFTER
IT WAS
RELEASED.

TOO
MANY REPORTS OF
LIVER FAILURE.

NOT TO WORRY, MR. ASH.
I **HAPPEN** TO KNOW A DRUG
DISTRIBUTOR IN A **THIRD WORLD
COUNTRY** THAT WILL TAKE THE
BULK OF OUR INVENTORY OFF
OUR HANDS WITH **NO QUESTIONS
ASKED** -- AND FOR A
TIDY **PROFIT!**

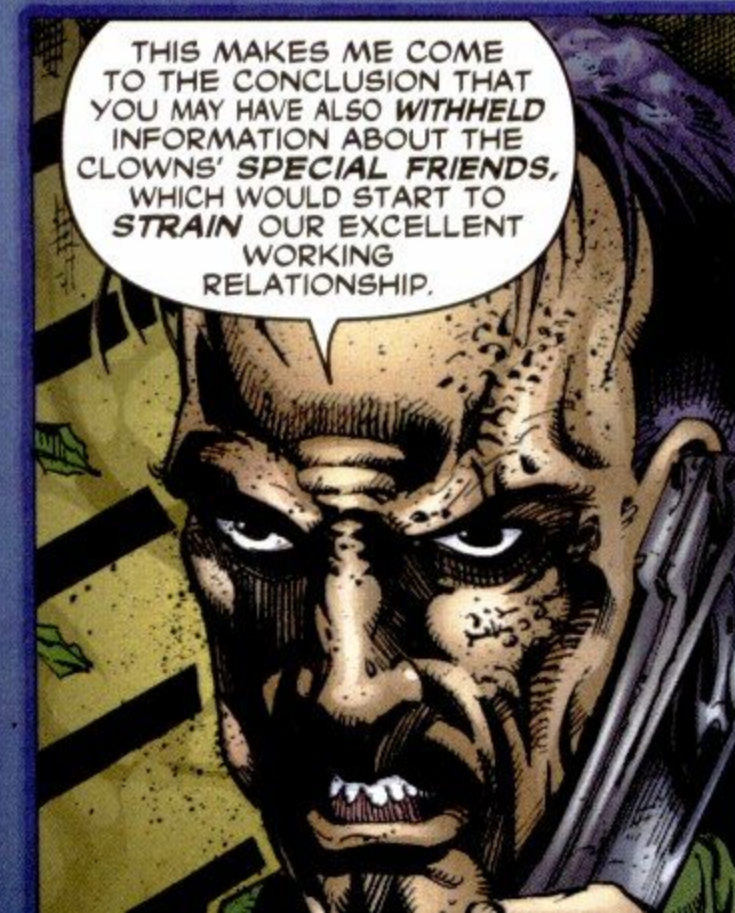
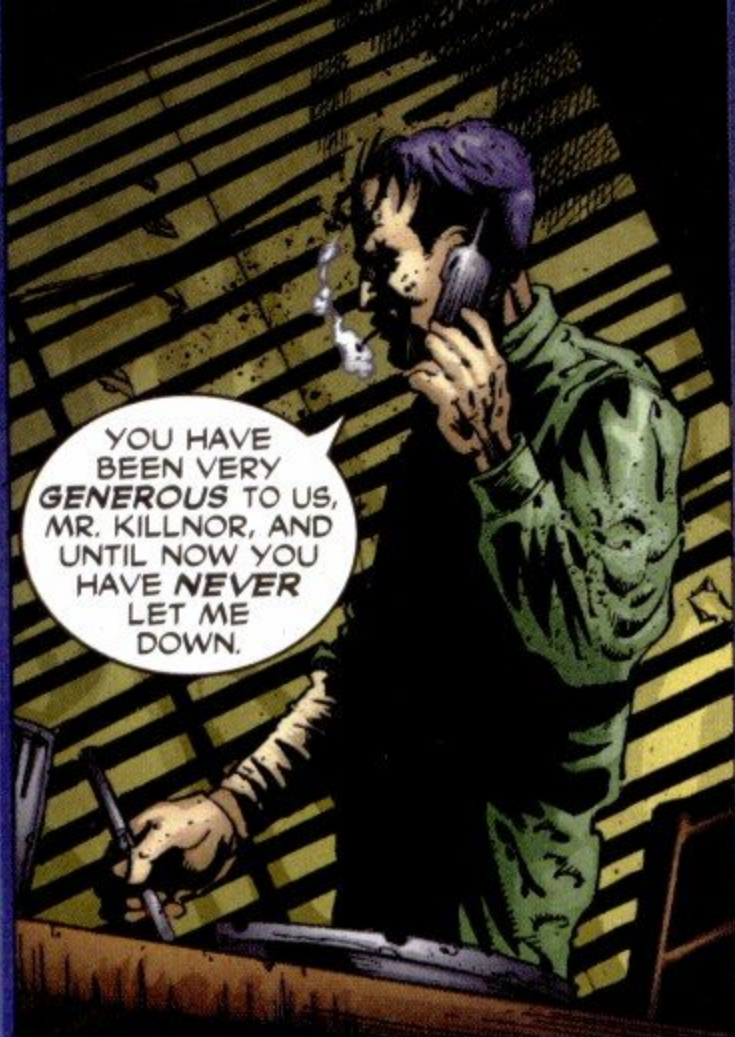
MY
SECRETARY
WILL GET YOU
THE NUMBER
AFTER THE
MEETING.

T-THANKS,
MR. KILLNOR!
THAT'S
GREAT!

YOU SEE,
MY FRIENDS?
NEVER GIVE UP.
TOGETHER WE
HAVE THE
SOLUTION TO ALL
THE WORLD'S
ILLS.

EXCUSE ME,
MR. KILLNOR. A
MR. GRAY IS ON THE
PHONE. HE SAYS
IT'S **URGENT.**







"HOWEVER, MR. GRAY,
THERE IS A HIGH
PROBABILITY THAT THEY
WILL NEVER MAKE IT."



"IF YOU DO ATTEMPT
TO INTERCEPT THEM,
MR. GRAY, TRY NOT
TO TANGLE WITH MY
OTHER EMPLOYEES."

"IT WOULD NO DOUBT
RESULT IN SOME
VERY UNFORTUNATE
CIRCUMSTANCES."



CONTINUED IN ICP:
THE PENDULUM #5
ROAD RAGE